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Sudden Twist on Sleeping Beauty



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Chapter 1 by celloandjello

I opened my eyes. The first thing I saw were lips. Getting alarmingly close to my own.

"Ewww! What the heck?! Why are you kissing me?!"

The person startled and drew back. I saw that he was Prince Phillip. He looked bewildered.

"I-I thought that you were s-sleeping and that you needed a kiss to wake you up."

"What? Why would you think that? I was taking a nap. Climbing all those stairs was exhausting. And guess what? There was nothing at the top except that spinning wheel thingy. Geez! I was having the best dream ever! Why'd you have to wake me up and ruin it?"

"Damn! I finally had a chance to kiss you! Without you slapping me!"

"Gross! Whatever just get out of here you creep! Before I call the guards or something!" I whacked him with my pillow.

"Okay, okay! I'm outta here." He backed out of my room.

I sighed.

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Chapter 2 by

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I stood up and straightened my dress, trying to get the wrinkles out. I stepped over to the window and looked at the village.

"What in the name of -?!" I exclaimed as I beheld all the townspeople slumped on the ground. I grabbed my high-heels and threw them on the ground, and then raced down the steps.

On the way, I crushed a knight's rib as he lay on the floor. But I didn't care. I was too worried wondering about my family.

But when I reached the bottom of the tower, the door was bolted shut.

Chapter 3 by Jackie Lawrence



"Whose castle am I in and who brought me here?"

I picked up a candelabra sitting on a dark mahogany table to the left of the stairway and walked over to the stained glass windows flanking both sides of the door. I smashed each pane of glass when it dawned on me that I still would not be able to get through the window because of the lead outlines. Feeling like a total moron, I leaned against the window, my breath fogging up what was left of the glass, and pondered how Prince Phillip was able to come and go so quickly. My eyes rested on colorful glass shards sticking out of the lead edgings. I picked each one out. My gaze darted out the panes and lighted on the motionless townspeople.

"Why hadn't the Prince checked on them and called for a doctor? What kind of chivalry is that?" I asked myself.

Hungry, I looked around me hoping to find a kitchen with somewhat fresh food. I wondered why me and Prince Phillip were the only people awake. How long had they been out?

Behind me was a doorway underneath the stairwell. I opened it and walked down the red and black striped hallway. It was tacky to say the very least, tiny, trident, shaped lamp shades adorned the walls to guide its followers. At the end of the hallway, I had a choice to turn right and follow the blue and green striped hallway with whale lamps or to turn left and follow the yellow and white striped hallway. Its lampshades looked like pineapples and appealed to my appetite. Besides, pineapples were a symbol of friendship. What could go wrong?

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I remembered the Daynes sisters. It had to have been Tre'licia because pink was her favorite color. I realized I was in their castle and I knew what I was up against. No one in the 21st century uses spells when they don't get their way except for Tre'licia and her little sister De'licia. A wave of irritation came over me. It did not matter how many times I insisted I was not interested in Prince Phillip, they resented me because he was relentless in his attempts to date me.

"How dare he try to kiss me when I was unconscious," I thought.

Finally, after what seemed like a ten year journey, I spotted a misty green, opaque, glass door. It's door handle was shaped like shish kabob - really stirring my appetite. I opened the door and Dagwood looked up at me from the center island where he was making his signature 10 foot tall sandwiches.

"Hungry?" he asked me smilingly.

I realized I wasn't under a spell, but rather tripping on acid. We're in the 21st century, spells and witches don't exist. Wait, yes they do, but not those kind of witches. Tre and De must have found one of their druggie friends and laced something I drank which would explain the long hallways, the feeling I was in a tower as I descended the stairs and...

"Did I really wake up to see Phillip trying to kiss me? Were those people really there?"

Memories of a party stirred in my mind. I began trying to make sense of it, but why would I ever attend a party hosted by the Daynes sisters in their home?

Chapter 4 by Publius



I continued pondering on this subject until the walls around me started to bend and shake. I smiled and awaited the real world.

I woke up with a giant headache, in De and Tre's basement. They've tied me up. Wait, what? Why was I tied up? I looked around groggily and saw other party-goers tied up like me. Some of them were groggily shaking their heads. Some of them were out cold with scary cuts on their heads. What happened?

--Four hours earlier--

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